

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER. W. R. HEARST.

162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1897. THE WEATHER: Official forecasts for today indicate rain, with probable clearing weather by to-night; easterly winds.

ANOTHER TRUST TRIUMPH.

The jury in the Tobacco Trust case has been unable to reach a verdict—ten voting for conviction of the indicted millionaires and two for acquittal. The two who believe the methods of the Trust perfectly legal are Juror Milliken, who was shown to be an investor in the securities of monopolistic corporations, and Juror Fash, who by reason of service in the State militia is exempt from jury service, but professed himself animated by a patriotic purpose to do more than his whole duty to the State.

The outcome of this suit is deplorable, but not unexpected. The Journal more than two weeks ago pointed out that certain incidents in the conduct of the case made a conviction improbable. No charge of indifference can be brought against the District-Attorney, who marshalled his evidence with such skill as to thoroughly convince the public that the methods of the Cigarette Trust were within the scope of the statute prohibiting combinations in restraint of trade. That greater jury which sits outside the court room will render its verdict that the ruin of most of the rivals of the American Tobacco Company and the dealers who did business with them was not due to methods of competition outside the scope of New York's criminal law. Judge Fitzgerald's charge showed eminent fairness, and was particularly explicit in its denial of Mr. Choate's theory that neither the alleged association of a business with the indictment nor the business method had entered into any pertinence to this case. He whether they had created a monopoly or whether the defendants clared unlawful, but two members of the jury were not to discover that they had been shown in this case, and hence the prosecution failed. Mr. Choate's cheerful insouciance throughout the trial finds justification. For him, as Mr. Olcott remarked, it is to laugh.

But for many people, for whose protection criminal laws are enacted, the situation is lacking in humor. It will not be forgotten either by the trusts or their victims that the failure of this prosecution only adds one more to the long list of futile endeavors to enforce the provisions of the Federal or State Anti-Trust laws. Though there is practical unanimity among the people in the conviction that trusts are harmful to the interests of producer and consumer alike; though the principle embodied in these laws proceeds directly and logically from the English common law, and has unquestioned acceptance among Anglo-Saxon nations; though the demand of the voters for the suppression of monopolistic corporations has been so emphatic that Congress and nearly every State Legislature has been forced to pay heed to it, yet in the courts attempt to enforce the Anti-Trust laws has almost invariably failed. Each failure leads to more insolent aggression on the part of the trusts, greater unrest and discontent among the people.

The miscarriage of justice in the case of the tobacco magnates is a public calamity.

THE MYSTERIOUS ATTRACTION OF CRIME.

When we consider the trouble and risk to which people will go to perform an unprofitable criminal act, it becomes a wonder that anybody is out of jail. The other day two brothers were arrested for counterfeiting elevated railroad tickets. One of them was a lithographer and the other a cook. The former, with the help of stones, ink, rollers and the rest of a lithographic outfit which he kept in his room, laboriously turned out 126 forged tickets, worth \$6.25 in all, and gave them to his brother. He did not use any himself, according to his account, and his brother sold none. The counterfeit tickets simply saved the cook a personal expense of a nickel when he went downtown. For this end the two men have sacrificed their characters and made themselves liable to some years' imprisonment, besides taking as much trouble as would have been needed to earn the money honestly. The mental perversity that can induce a man to go through so much labor and danger for the sake of cheating the Manhattan Elevated Railroad out of \$6.25 worth of fares in nine months must strike Mr. Russell Sage as an irrefutable proof of the existence and activity of a personal devil.

AN EXPENSIVE PASTIME.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has just reported an amendment to the General Deficiency bill appropriating \$6,000 to be paid, "out of humane consideration, and without reference to the question of liability therefor, to the Italian Government, as full indemnity" for three of its subjects who were taken from jail in Louisiana in 1896 and lynched. Really, the habit of paying for Italians lynched in Louisiana is becoming a rather serious expense to the National Government. It is only a few years ago that we paid Italy \$25,000, also "out of humane consideration," for her subjects killed in the New Orleans jail in 1891. If the practice of lynching Italians is going to become an established custom in Louisiana, the State ought to make some arrangement to settle the bills. In the absence of a satisfactory financial understanding, the impulsive tenantry on the Sugar Trust's barony should be requested to select only natives as subjects for their informal hanging bees. There is no objection to a reasonable indulgence in the pastime of lynching provided some care be exercised in the choice of material. Senator McEnery might be a good subject to begin on.

MODERN SCIENTIFIC ECONOMY.

The watchword of modern applied science is economy. It is easy enough to do things, but to do them with the least possible waste—that is the problem over which the engineer, the physicist and the chemist sacrifice their sleep. Economy of coal in furnaces, economy of steam in boilers, the use of the same steam over and over at successive stages of expansion, the correction of slip in propellers, the utilization of the margin of energy in falling water which the makers of the old mill-wheels were content to lose, the capture of the atoms of precious metal that the former methods of mining would have left in the dumps, the profitable use of the by-products in gas making, the transformation of power into light without the extravagant accompanying production of heat—all these things and thousands of others like them are the prizes for which inventors strive.

The modern scientific magician is never so happy as when he can convert a positive nuisance into a source of profit, and that is what Lord Kelvin has just done in his Shoreditch garbage works. His achievement is a typical example of scientific economy. He takes city refuse of all descriptions, which until recently has been regarded as something to be put out of the way with a little expense

as possible, and in the process of destroying it he makes use of it to generate electric light and heat baths and laundries. Twenty thousand tons of refuse which hitherto has been dumped at sea at great expense, as well as with such disadvantages to the seaside resorts as need not be explained to frequenters of Manhattan Beach and Coney Island, will now be consumed every year, and will incidentally supply electric lights and hot water to a borough almost as populous as Jersey City. Such a specimen of business management ought to incite American cities to enlist scientific aid in solving their own problems.

ENGLAND AND BIMETALLISM.

The London National Review, organ of the English Tories and a staunch advocate of bimetalism, will announce in its forthcoming July number that the United States Monetary Commission, which will presently arrive in England, will present to the British Government a joint statement from France and the United States asking the good will and active concurrence of England in the effort to "terminate the disastrous experiments inaugurated in 1873." The editor of the National Review being an earnest bimetalist himself, and enjoying exceptional opportunities for keeping informed of every step in the bimetalist campaign, may be in possession of exclusive personal information concerning the progress of the McKinley Commission's negotiations. As yet, however, no information has reached this country of any official action by France which even remotely resembles the concurrence of that nation with the United States in a joint statement.

In any event, the would be England's reply to such a joint statement is of the greatest importance. The forecast is given in the form of a positive announcement of official character by the dominant party in the British Government. These are the concessions which he asserts England stands ready to make to the demand for international bimetalism:

Reopen the Indian mint. Extend the use of legal tender for its silver. Guarantee the support of the British establish international.

All of these are the cause of international as no surprise, for its informed bimetalists some time to reopen action she could declare re-establishing bimetalism as probable that the closing of the mint to begin with, reassured the country its \$950,000,000 of silver. Since 1873 one-half of the whole world's output of the white metal, without warning, closed the demand for silver so positive that the price of that metal, expressed in terms of gold, dropped 84 per cent. The proposition to restore this demand is to keep the relative value of gold and silver fixed and unchangeable. The other reported important, and, if we may of fulfillment. The British used to the prospect of opened, but the extensive silver in England and the British Government with likely to arouse an opposition in Lombard Street which no

THE OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS.

The Times finds in the financial disaster of the Intercolonial Railway of Canada an argument against "the way" ownership or control of railroads. This road, intended to keep communication between the Dominion and tidewater in winter, is impassable, was built by the States had refused to undertake it, waged over a proposition, ing it to Montreal. The bitter political battle is being spent money in extending against the government, Times declares this "an argument as applicable on this ownership of railroads which If any Canadian, cherishing the belief that government ownership is after all the better, desires arguments in support of his position, he can find plenty by looking over the rule. If it comes to a where private ownership is the majority of the railroads ownership, he will find that in the hands of receivers of the United States are now from them. If it resolve or have but recently been taken expenditure of money by itself into a question of useless existed, he can study the on railroads for which no need tised among us, or may E device of "paralleling" as practice the miles of abandoned in Kansas and Nebraska and road directors might be a track built in order that rail-construction companies, ired by their connection with not under public ownership. And if he wishes to show that losses of roads built up alone do the people pay has only to study the Cessarily or extravagantly, he and extortionate freight rrellation of over-capitalization There are two sides tates in the United States. of railroads. The Times, which has every facility for get-both, the subject, ought to look at

There is difficulty in arr publicans and Gold Democ use unless the Joint ticket is of Kentucky. The latter log cabin. But the Republic are so illiterate that the chan explained to them, Kentucky McKinley nine months ago, grasp which its voters had currency. An Illinois preacher stop face of the Sheriff, who was fighters twice and then-bum pleaded for mercy. This may fighting is brutal and to be e efficacious as an antidote to

In considering the politic Democrats must not forget t fund of 1894 was not all sp of the Republican National c is a candidate for re-election, outlook in Ohio, the enthusias the Republican national campaign that Senator Hanna is Chairma mittee, and that Senator Hanna

Love Rejoices On the Water.

HYMEN is likely to do almost any old thing when he is in a merry mood. Mountain tops, balloons, yawning caverns, cataraets, the City Hall, and about every other thing that can be thought of have been utilized by the god of marriage in the interesting process of making two human beings into one.

Ordinarily, however, these freaks of Hymen are confined to a class of people that laugh at conventionality. But yesterday we saw a daughter of an ex-commodore of that very exclusive organization, the New York Yacht Club—a predecessor of Elbridge T. Gerry, E. D. Morgan and J. Pierpont Morgan—married aboard her father's yacht, the Viking, as that pretty craft lay serenely upon the dimpling waters of Long Island Sound.

When Miss Helen Woodruff Smith became Mrs. Homer S. Cummings, the aquatic world that centres in the Larchmont Yacht Club, sang a wedding march that made the very waves to dance with delight.

I am not going into the details of this remarkable wedding, for they are given at length in the news columns of the Journal, but I may say that Larchmont has not been so ecstatically excited in many moons. Even the famous Rocking Chair Fleet could hardly restrain itself until the flag that served as a signal that the deed was done was run up on the Viking.

Then as the cannon of all the neighboring yachts boomed congratulations to the happy pair the Rocking Chair Fleet whooped it up for fair.

Those old chappies, of whom Major Ulrich, Gus Monroe and Gus Mott are such shining lights, had no guns to fire, but they sent forth a hallooing chorus that made Neptune grab his trident in alarm.

It was a great day for Larchmont. It was the first wedding on the water that it had ever known, and it lost no opportunity to show its appreciation of the fame thus conferred upon it.

All the people that could obtain a boat of any kind whatever rowed or sailed or paddled or sculled to the immediate neighborhood of the Viking, and there awaited results.

It beat a church wedding all hollow. No tickets of admission were necessary, and no policemen were there to keep away the uninvited.

They couldn't board the Viking or touch the floating altar, but the shout that greeted the display of the wedding signal showed how warm and generous and unreserved were their congratulations to the bride.

Next to her father's speech at the wedding breakfast, the enthusiasm of that flotilla of well-wishers must have been the sweetest sound that Mrs. Cummings heard after her slender finger had pierced the centre of the marriage circle.

It was an innovation, but it was so successful from every point of view that it should not be surprised if it becomes the fashion to marry on the water.

The polo chappies were at it again at the Meadowbrook Club yesterday, and both the Rockaway teams were trounced by the visitors.

The Philadelphia Country Club did up Hazard and Case and Lops and Al Francke, and the Devons made Johnnie and Frank Cowdin and Ricardo Francke and William Anson bite the dust of defeat.

In view of the licking sustained by the Meadowbrook team on Monday it is about time the home players took a brace.

The attendance was again large and fashionable, as the musical critics say of the first night of the opera.

"August Belmont was there and the object of much solicitude. He was hobnobbing about on two canes as the result of his mishap of Monday.

He said that when he was riding for the ball that day he heard the cord in his thigh snap and at once called for the doctor to bandage it up before it got stiff. Then he went on and played out the game, but needed further surgical attention when he got home.

I don't know anything about cords in thighs, but Mr. Belmont is really very lame, and he fears that he may not be able to play polo again this season.

He is on the shelf with Tommy Hitchcock, who is an out of conceit with polo that he went to the Sheephead Bay races yesterday.

There was a great showing of coaches and brakes and drags and traps at the polo grounds.

Mrs. "Jimmie" Kernochan and Mrs. Foxie Keene were out together in a nobby T. cart. C. Albert Stevens toolled his four-in-hand. With him were Mrs. Stevens and Miss Livingston.

Mrs. August Belmont drove over in her basket phaeton, and Mrs. Tommy Hitchcock had with her Mrs. Ensis and Miss Adelaide Randolph, the stepdaughter of William C. Whitney, and the only representative of the Whitney household that was present.

Others that took a lively interest in the game were Theodore Myers, C. R. Bone, Winthrop Rutherford, Mrs. "Carley" Havemeyer, W. L. Stone, Willie Tiffany, Foxhall Keene, H. V. R. Kennedy, still limping from a sprained ankle; Mrs. J. E. Smith Hadden, with her three children; Miss Fanny Cottenet, Mr. and Mrs. E. Kenyon Stowe, Mrs. O. H. Bird, Miss May Bird, Harry Page, Stanley Mortimer, Mrs. W. C. Hazard, Mrs. Rene La Montagne, Rawley Cottenet, E. Willard Roby, D. Fitzhugh Savage, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hunt, H. Newberry Frost, Mrs. James S. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Magoun and Miss Maud Stadel.

Philadelphia continues to move on Newport. William L. Elkins has leased the Baldwin place at Bellevue and Narragansett avenues and will occupy it this season.

"Bill" Elkins, as they call him in the City of Brotherly Love, is a big, bluff, red-faced, white-haired man and the partner in railroad financiering of all round good fellowship, Peter A. B. Widener.

Elkins is new, but he knows things and will keep his end up with the Drexels, Willings, Blights and other Philadelphia that Summer in the City-by-the-Sea. What a lot of fool stuff is being written about rowing since Cornell won at Poughkeepsie! Courtney is now credited with saying "brains are more important than weight and strength in making an oarsman." If that were true the Hon. William Maxwell Evans would have been America's greatest oarsman. Mr. Evans's total weight is about ninety pounds, of which at least eighty-five pounds is supposed to be brain.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Some Tammany Hall Leaders.

One Ruddy-Visaged Little Man, the Hon. White, Sacrificed \$2,000 as a Patriotic Duty—Why "the Hall" Doesn't Need Croker.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

This little man, who looks in his portrait like a combination picture of Walter Scott and Bobby Burns, with just a dash of Byron, is none other than the Hon. Andrew Jackson White. "Judge" White personally does not resemble the poets named; it is only his portraits that flatter these dead gentlemen of literature. It is well to wear this in one's mind.

"Judge" White is a small man of sundry years, and his countenance, because of the ardor of his patriotism, is of a pleasant red color. And, speaking of patriotism, let me tell you of that: Once "Judge" White presided over the destinies of men as a Magistrate of police. His stipend was \$8,000 a year; which is little enough for a gentleman of character and genius who molls and tolls and sweats all day, conferring on an endless chain of cheap malefactors, with every link some low-ordered wretch, appropriate terms on the Island. As I say, our earnest, plump-visaged little friend got \$8,000 a year. And yet such was his love of country and his breathless mood to serve for public good that he relinquished these \$8,000 and took in their stead \$6,000 as Dock Commissioner.

"Judge" White heard the bugle note of duty; the people's interests called trumpet-tongued from the docks, and at a sacrifice of \$2,000 a year "Judge" White obeyed. With unflinching hand he took those \$2,000, placed them on the sacred altars of his country's need and burned them. There has been a William Tell to flout a Gessler; there has been a Winkfield to remark, "Make way for Liberty!" and throw himself bare-bosomed on the spears of tyranny; there has been a Kosciuszko to die while Freedom shrieked; there has been a Cranmer to perish blazingly at the stake like some burning torch of duty for religion's sake; but where has there been a White to give up \$2,000 a year?

Echo Answers—Where? Let Echo look over the directory of the dead and gone; let Echo run up the glistering list of those who for opinion's sake gave up their lives by flame or flood or thrust of sword; let Echo, I say, search through the sacrifices of time, and then let Echo answer, Where? And Echo is stricken dumb, for White yielding up those \$2,000 a year at his country's cry has no parallel.

Of course there were forked tongues to tell of perks and pickings to be found about the city docks and offer the story as a reason for White's high action, but who regards a slander? Not we, certainly!

Yes, in good fact, White is an excellent little patriot who thirsts to serve the people rather than himself. He has, however, a weakness; he is a bit too close, what one might call too contiguous, to Croker. This is not wise. White should read the par-

able of Old Dog Tray and keep afar from Croker. That eminent adherent of the British turf is a powder magazine of all that is publicly devious and bad. Some spar of honest contest of investigation will some day explode Croker, and what then? Those like our little friend, with his face of sunset hue, will thereupon go a long journey to the skies of politics and their accustomed haunts will at once begin to miss them very much.

And, speaking of Tammany Hall, it would seem as if it were necessary for somebody to be ever in attendance on the good sense of that ancient order and hold it up by the tail.

I hear now that they are becoming a-hungry and athirst for a reeking of Croker. The Tammany Hallers should be more sapient. Back in '94, the rottenness of Tammany rule drove honest folk into a reform movement. The reform movement, worse luck, fell into the controlling clutch of the Mugwumps.

Now, a Mugwump is a Pecksniff of politics, who, with a heart full of thievish black rascality, has still address as a hypocrite and so steals the liver of heaven and serves "Judge" Andrew Jackson White, Who Looks Like a Composite.

Thus it was that the Mugwumps, winning with the slogan of "reform," have since sandbagged good government and snipped the city's money to a degree never reached by Tammany, even in the benefit day of Tweed. It thus befalls that now, in '97, with much condoned and more forgotten, thousands of honest men who in '94 were for "reform," exhibit symptoms of giving Tammany their support once more. And yet I warn ye, O Tammany! the moment you call Croker to your side, the instant you are caught in Croker's company—that moment, that instant, those same honest men will turn their backs on you.

Most folk don't want office, don't expect to hold office, care for no place in the make-up of Greater New York than the post of mere private citizenship. Such have no fears of Tammany, and a Tammany threat or a Tammany frown has no more force with them than the uproar of a Chinese gong.

Tammany can't win without the help of these honest folk. Tammany might better, then, realize a condition, avoid pride, be honest, eschew Croker and assume a virtue, though it has it not. It has had its ups and it has had its downs—the last decidedly—has Tammany Hall. And it has had nothing it may not have again.

It has heard Tweed while in the full and insolent flower of his rule inquire, "What in hell are you going to do about it?" and it has stood by powerless while the honest men of the city of New York snapped bolt and bar on Tweed and his gangsters as answer to the question. It has, in short, has Tammany Hall, beheld enough to teach all but heads of wood that, as John Boyle O'Reilly said:

The people's will. Like the sea o'er Holland, is always in sight. And that hereafter, if Tammany Hall is permitted in any degree to direct the destinies of this city, it will be because the people want it so, not because the people can't help themselves. And the sooner Tammany pastes this in its hat and gilds itself wisely therein, the sooner it will wear a permanent success, and, realizing the error of a former way, enter anew upon a happier, better life.

There are no end of us who don't belong to Tammany, never will belong to Tammany, who want nothing, need nothing that Tammany ever will have, and who are, therefore, capable of talking and acting with Tammany or without Tammany just as we please. Of all of which Tammany might at this juncture well take solemn note, and in so doing decline Croker, augment its honesty and reduce its horns. And while there is nothing in either "honesty" or "horns" to remind one of the Hon. Andrew Jackson White, we will just the same seize on this opportunity to hint again to that worthy little old-rose gentleman and quit.

The Merry Jester. See the person. Is the person going around in his shirt sleeves? The person is going around in his shirt sleeves. They say the person is a perfect bear. Do bears have diff-cul-ty in keeping cool in the Summer? Bears have much diff-cul-ty in keeping cool in the Summer.—Detroit Journal.

"Would you call Urbana a lawless town?" asked Mr. Northside. "What are you driving at?" replied Mr. Hill-top. "I was going to say that a town which has civil law, Lynch law and martial law, all in a few days, can scarcely be called lawless."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Think of it!" he said, putting down his paper. "Eleven killed and 128 injured." "Well, why do you persist in reading about those Cuban atrocities?" demanded his wife. "But my dear, I'm not. I'm reading."

"Oh, the Turco-Grecian war is just as bad, if up to be—Indiana's Journal."

Sign of the Sober Man.

WHEN Billy Frisbie, who used to be constable at Jintown, before he sold the Black Oak to the Anglo-American Development Company, arrived in New York last Tuesday he asked the "driver" (as he called him) of a homeless hansom to take him to the Tombs, because his old mining partner, Malachi Fallon, had told him of strange happenings in the prison in '48, when he used to be Warden, after he had served his "penitentiary" in politics by running with the massmen and mixing up in fights in the Tenth. Billy was ready to raise his new straw hat as he read signs showing that he passed Bleeker street, the Bowery and Chatham square, the only names in New York that he knew, save the Tombs.

Billy was ready to cry or swear when he found that the Tombs was going the way of buildings, its story laden stones dropping to make a place for something new, the "improvements" of the age of destruction. He was glad that old Fallon had died before the Tombs had died.

Billy pilfered for relics about the neighborhood, and then he found Policeman Gilligan, who has some sympathy for strangers who have not heard of New York since '50 save to learn that one Brodie jumped from a bridge made for his purpose.

Gilligan, who listened with lofty affability to Frisbie's tales of constable life in Jintown and showed a condescending interest in the career of a police officer in a place of which he had never heard and to which, God help him, he would never go, guided Billy within the fence that he might gain a clearer view of the ruins.

Frisbie gazed with adoration at the old building, then began to study an old door. Upon this he discovered a few lines of writing, and turned to Gilligan with a shout of Western enthusiasm.

"I'm a slab of hard pan if this town ain't the same as Jintown. Look here. See this writing on the door and a mark under it? Well, we fellows out in Jintown set that fashion. You've copied our style. Oh, the East'll catch up in time," he added, with an expression of local pride, while Gilligan listened with the polished reserve of the Eastern man.

It was the last time Fourth of July fell on Sunday. We was to have the picnic on Monday, but on Sunday afternoon a lot of us got to thinking in the hotel bar that we might do something to keep the day from getting lonesome, without waiting over for a day-after celebration. We time up comfortable, but we ain't exactly easy, because the Judge wa'n't with us, and he always is the one that makes most of the fun and leads the processions that are organized hasty. We waited and waited, and still no Judge come, so as it was getting late, we choose a committee to find him. There was me and the postmaster and the stage driver and the doctor. We go up and down the street, but the Judge ain't any place where he ought to be on a holiday, so when we exhausted the places where the people drink we start up among the houses where the people live. The Judge wa'n't at his own house, nor at Jerry Culby's, the blacksmith's, nor at any other house on that street. We shout a bit, perhaps, but everybody is glad to see us, but we don't say no place, because we want to find the Judge.

"After leaving Joe Chubb's, the bartender, we pass the cottage of the minister, and just for fun in we go, but not thinking of seeing any Judge. Blow me up, if there wa'n't the Judge talking to the minister and his wife and the babies, sober and decent, like it was Easter Sunday instead of Fourth of July. That is the first time any action of that kind occurs, and for a while we are still at a loss.

The minister, he says to come in, and the Judge, he says, what's the matter. We don't say much for a minute. Then the doctor he pulls out his pencil and he writes on the front door in big letters:

***** This is to certify that on this Fourth of July we find Judge Squilla in this minister's house, at 5:30 p. m., and sober. *****

"Sign it," says the Doctor, and we all signs.

"Let's swear to it," says the stage driver, "or no one believes it."

"That seem reasonable, so we lifts that door off its hinges and we takes the Judge and we holds him on that door and carries it down town and into the hotel bar. There we finds the notary as we expects and we swears to that certificate that the Doctor has written on that door, and the notary he writes on the door that we personally appeared before him, being known to him, and swears that what we signs is the truth, as it was, the Judge being there to prove it."

"Taint good without the seal," says the Doctor, and that being true, too, the notary pastes a big red star on that door with his notary public business pressed into it, and then we march back to the minister's house and hangs the door in place. And do you know, that minister is a good one and his wife, too, for they want let no one touch that sign nor that seal, to rub 'em off. So it proved for all time that the Judge was sober and calling on the minister that Fourth of July.

"Say, policeman," asked the man from Jintown, as he looked again at the illegible marks on the old Tombs door, "who in hell got sober on Sunday in New York? I can't read the name." JOHN LATHROP.

The Hard Times. [Detroit News.] Salutarities and valedictories show conclusively that the hard times will not be allowed to interfere with the upward and onward course of those who have got their feet themselves to take charge of the world's affairs.

Diplomatic Yellow Watches. [Detroit News.] Whenever Abdul Hamid declines to bid on a diplomatic yellow watch, the European ambassador calls attention to the subtle duplicity of the unspicable Turk.

Men Are Chains. [Chicago Dispatch.] "Men are chains that hold women back from progress," says Emma Goldman. And yet there are some women who hang their chains, Emma.

Too Many Horns. [Chicago Dispatch.] White Bull, who killed the Montana settlers, pleads that he was drunk when he did it. Evidently White Bull had too many horns.

Pretty Certain. [Detroit Tribune.] Gold in large quantities has been found in Terra del Fuoco and Great Britain is pretty certain to be down there who needs pacifying.

Our. [Detroit Tribune.]

Roose—After all, there is no place like home. Lusk—That's right. This thing of sobering up in a hospital is not what it is cracked up to be.—Indiana's Journal.

